

RAILROAD  
NUMBER

Life

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HIS DAD'S THE ENGINEER

FREE  
A  
kage  
apers  
each



Being able to float is just a stunt that Kelly-Springfield Gray Tubes will perform for your amusement. But the purity of rubber that makes them float will also make them wear. And that's more than amusing—it's mighty saving and gratifying.



## Kelly-Springfield Tire Company

corner Broadway & 57th Street, New York

Branch offices in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Detroit, Cincinnati, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Cleveland, Seattle, Atlanta, Akron, O.

The Hearn Tire & Rubber Co., Columbus, Ohio  
Bering Tire & Rubber Co., Houston, Texas  
Boss Rubber Co., of Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo  
The Olmsted Co., Inc., Syracuse, N. Y.  
South'n Hdwe. & Woodstock Co., Ltd., New Orleans, La.  
L. J. Barth, Rochester, N. Y.      Seifert & Baine, Newark, N. J.

Atkinson Tire & Supply Co., Jacksonville, Fla.  
Central Rubber & Supply Co., Indianapolis, Ind.  
C. D. Franke & Co., Charleston, S. C.  
K. & S. Auto Tire Co., Limited, Toronto, Can.  
Todd Rubber Co., New Haven, Conn.  
Barnard & Michael, Buffalo, N. Y.

### Explaining It

"THERE is only one thing about your civilization that I do not understand," said the Lady from Venus, deftly tucking a pamphlet on the tariff into her traveling bag, "and that is your system of municipal government."

"It's perfectly simple," said the Native, good-naturedly. "You see, the city is divided up into districts, each governed by a leader, and these leaders are directly responsible to a dignitary called the Boss. Whenever it seems necessary or advisable to hold an election, the Boss picks out a candidate and whispers his name to the leaders, who direct their districts to vote for the candidate. Perfectly simple, you see."

"Yes, but haven't you something called a Legislature?"

"That is what it is called, yes. The Boss picks that out, too. It saves so much distressing thought on the part of the public."

"But does not the Legislature make the laws?"

"Not at all. The Boss makes the laws. The Legislature just attends to passing them. You see, Wall Street needs so much special legislation that it would be almost impossible to leave it to the Legislature. Business would

### "For Want of a Nail

a shoe was lost. For want of a shoe a horse was lost." Be on the safe side and shoe your horses with "Capewell" nails. The best nail in the world at a fair price—not the cheapest regardless of quality. Holds under the severest strains. Does not crimp or split in driving. Insist upon the use of this brand by your shoer.

This  
Checked  
Head Our  
Trade Mark

### RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS



We are the oldest breeders and exhibitors of these dogs in the West and maintain one of the largest and most select kennels of the breed in the world. These aristocratic dogs are as kind as they are large and as intelligent as they are beautiful. Delightful companions and the most efficient Wolf Coursing breed known. Illustrated Catalogue "F" for the asking. **MIRASOL KENNELS** (Reg. A. K. C.) Pasadena California

**Milo**  
The EGYPTIAN CIGARETTE of QUALITY

25 Cents  
for a Quarter of a Century

Cork Tips in the Milo  
Yellow Label Box

suffer painfully. Why, many of our most prominent brokers would have to stop gambling if it weren't for this admirable form of government!"

"B-but, of course, I'm only a woman, and I don't understand these things very well, but I should think the newspapers would take it up and—denounce the Boss, or something."

"Some of them do. And then the people smile and say: 'Yellow Journalism'. And then again—"

"Yes?"

"Some of the papers are owned in Wall Street."

"Oh, I see. It's a sort of round-robin, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's it. An endless chain."

"Well, I'm sure that's glorious. It must work very smoothly."

"So smoothly that you can hardly see it work at all."

"Beautiful! Thank you so much."

"Don't mention it."

### A Deficient Pupil

Into the police court of Mobile there had been haled for the fourth time a negro boy, charged with chicken-stealing. The magistrate determined to appeal to the boy's father. "See here," said his honor to the parent, "this boy of yours has been up in court so many times for stealing chickens that I am tired of seeing him here." "I doesn't blame yo', jedge," said the father, "an' I's tired of seein' him here." "Then, why don't you teach him how to act? Show him the right way, and he won't be coming here." "I has showed him de right way, jedge," said the old man, very earnestly. "I has cert'n'y showed him de right way, but somehow dat wuthless nigger keeps git-tin' caught comin' away wif de chickens."

—Argonaut.



HOW A MAN FEELS UPON READING THE  
LOVE-LETTERS SHE RETURNED

## HUNTER WHISKEY



WON THE CONFIDENCE AND APPROBATION OF THE  
PUBLIC MORE THAN 50 YEARS AGO AND THE  
STEADILY INCREASING DEMAND FOR IT PROVES  
IT IN EVERY WAY WORTHY AND WELL QUALIFIED

Sold at all first-class cafés and by jobbers.  
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



Copr. Life Pub. Co.



## "Hoot Awa!"

Translated into English, this means that in three weeks the hearts of millions of American Citizens will be gladdened by the

Golf  
Number  
of *Life*

We will send a copy of the *Miniature Life* anywhere on receipt of the address and a two-cent stamp. Or for ten cents you may receive a number of sample copies of LIFE.

SPECIAL OFFER—THREE MONTHS—ONE DOLLAR

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscription renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York

57

One Year \$5.00. (Canadian \$5.52, Foreign \$6.04)



## The Tire That Sells Solely Through The Recommendation of Its Users Sells on *Sheer Merit*.

FOR two years we have not advertised our Non-Skid Tire because the demand has exceeded the supply.

With constant additions to the manufacturing equipment orders have still outrun the production. And all this time its fame has spread only through the satisfaction of its users.

We have now trebled our facilities and are prepared to meet this demand.

### A Real Non-Skid Tire Built Right For Safety and Mileage

THE FISK NON-SKID is a *real* Non-Skid and Traction tire. It is so attractive that it adds distinction to any car. The tread is strong, thick and tough enough to withstand punctures and to give greatly increased mileage, *but is not so heavy that it breaks down the side walls.*

Balance in construction is as important a factor in the making of a non-skid tire as it is in the building of a great bridge or a steel-framed sky-scraper.

The balance, the traction and non-skid protection, and the greater mileage, together with the appearance, have made the FISK NON-SKID the first tire to sell in a really big way before it was advertised.

You can get the FISK NON-SKID from your Dealer. You will find it Safe and Satisfactory.



### THE FISK RUBBER COMPANY

Factory and Home Office Chicopee Falls, Mass.

18,000 Dealers and Fisk Branches in Principal Cities

# WHITE MOTOR TRUCKS Are the Nation's Choice

**BOTH IN THE QUANTITY OF TRUCKS SOLD AND IN THE VALUE OF TRUCK SALES, WE ARE THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF COMMERCIAL MOTOR VEHICLES IN AMERICA.**

*Official Records of the Motor Truck Industry Verify This Statement*

This Leadership of the Truck Industry is of the utmost importance, both to the many who already own White Trucks, and to the many others, who will eventually purchase White Trucks.

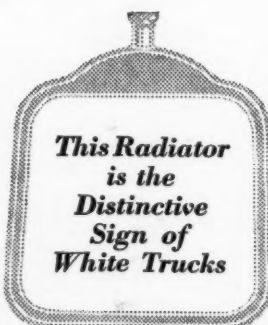
## **TO THE OWNERS OF WHITE TRUCKS**

THIS LEADERSHIP proves the correctness of your judgment in selecting your motor truck equipment.

It shows that you have chosen the same motor truck that the majority of truck users in America have selected.

In practically every case, this selection has been the result of a process of rigid experimentation and elimination, in which White Trucks have proved their superiority over all others.

This preference for White Trucks by the largest users of motor trucks as well as by the majority of motor truck users guarantees that your investment is protected by a successful, well established manufacturer, having a superior organization for rendering permanent and efficient service during the life-time of the trucks.



## **TO FUTURE OWNERS OF WHITE TRUCKS**

THIS LEADERSHIP is conclusive proof that White Trucks must be superior to all others, because White Supremacy is not measured in numbers alone, but in value as well.

With so many makes of motor trucks on the market, all clamoring for recognition, indisputable supremacy can be gained only by superior merit.

Untruthful advertising, bargain prices, exaggerated claims and guarantees that cannot be fulfilled may make the first sale, but only superior merit can create the confidence which brings continuous repeat orders.

The record of continuous repeat orders whereby the foremost firms in America have acquired huge fleets of White Trucks, after experimenting with other makes, is a convincing reason why you should use White Trucks.

## **WHITE TRUCKS ARE MOST ECONOMICAL TO OWN**

That White Trucks are slightly higher in price, makes White Leadership in the truck industry even more complete. It is plain evidence that White construction is so superior that the higher first cost of a White Truck is economy in the long run—proof that White Trucks last longer and cost less to operate and maintain, making them the most economical trucks to own.

White Trucks are built in capacities of  $\frac{3}{4}$ ,  $1\frac{1}{2}$ , 3 and 5 tons.

**A SUITABLE SIZE FOR EVERY VARIETY OF SERVICE**

**THE WHITE  COMPANY**

**CLEVELAND**

**MANUFACTURERS OF GASOLINE MOTOR CARS, MOTOR TRUCKS AND TAXICABS**

# L I F E



## A Mean Man

IT certainly is very queer;  
His fund of humor is immense;  
And yet we scarcely ever hear  
He's witty at his own expense!

## Diffusion with a Difference

WHEN the old-time Normans went  
a-conquering they went, as a  
rule, without women. If they con-

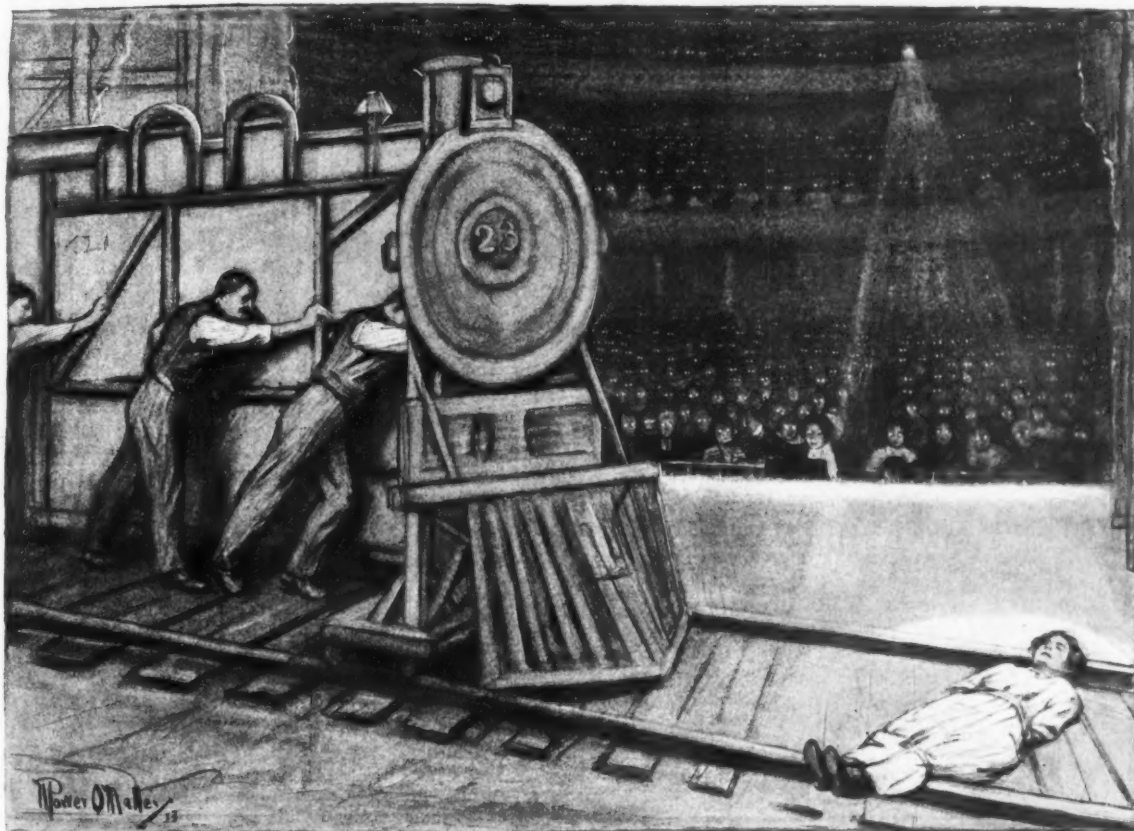
quered they stayed on, and selected  
spouses where they were. Conse-  
quently the Norman blood got well  
diffused.

Our American men do not much go  
a-conquering, but our women do. They  
go to Europe, and usually they leave  
their men behind. And where they  
conquer they choose spouses. And  
so the American blood gets dif-  
fused.

## No Sinecure

THE man who wants a soft berth  
must not look for it in a court-  
ship.

ONE theory of education is that it  
is a deposit, like a pearl, in the  
soft tissues of crotchety professors  
with hard, rough shells, who secrete  
truths and are rather disposed to hide  
them.



"THE IRON MONSTER THUNDERED FORTH. ONE MOMENT MORE——"



### Life's Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1913, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation twenty-seven years. In that time it has expended \$145,183.64 and has given a fortnight in the country to 35,751 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Previously acknowledged .....	\$4,660.53
Gordon Brush Hempstead.....	11.60
Mrs. Burr Porter .....	10.00
Eleanor H. Tappan and Margaret S. Button .....	12.81
L. H. Nelson .....	15.00
T. W. C. ....	5.00
Kathleen R. Stratly.....	10.00
"L. H." .....	10.00
"Subscriber C" .....	5.86
"H. D. S." .....	5.00
L. H. P. ....	1.00
"Hawaii" .....	25.00
"In memory of A. H.".....	5.00
C. J. G. ....	2.00
M. J. Rushe.....	5.00
"In memory of Mercie".....	1.00
Henry Wineman, Jr. ....	5.00
Proceeds of a sale of lemonade and cake by Elizabeth Holmes and Mary Elizabeth Richardson, of Montclair, N. J. ....	5.51
Proceeds of a fair given at Newton Highlands, Mass., by Barbara Simpson, Dorothy Dennie, Merriam Whitmore and Eleanor Duffield, whose ages range from nine to eleven years .....	27.25
Charles A. Spirk.....	6.00
"In loving memory of G. N. S., July 17th" .....	25.00
J. S. ....	5.00
Bunnie and Budgie.....	11.72
"In memory of C. F. C.".....	10.00
Mrs. C. B. Wilbour.....	10.00
Mrs. Edwin H. Blashfield.....	5.00
L. W. Hart.....	5.00
E. N. Fobes.....	10.00
M. W. Lowe.....	5.00
A. D. ....	10.00
W. M. Sutherland .....	2.00

\$4,927.28

SOME of LIFE's friends have been good enough at different times to send for the use of our Fresh Air children, necessities and luxuries calculated to add to the comfort and pleasure of our guests during their outing at the Farm.

Without wishing to impose on the good-nature of our friends, this is simply to remind them that our population of two hundred boys and girls, twelve years old and under, changes not only every season, but every fortnight, and that there is always a place for clothing, table supplies, balls, bats, gloves, fruits, candies and everything else that is good for the outside or inside of a youngster.

The address is LIFE's Farm, Branchville, Conn., and acknowledgment will be made in the columns of LIFE.



RUNNING PAST THE SIGNALS

### Days at Our Farm

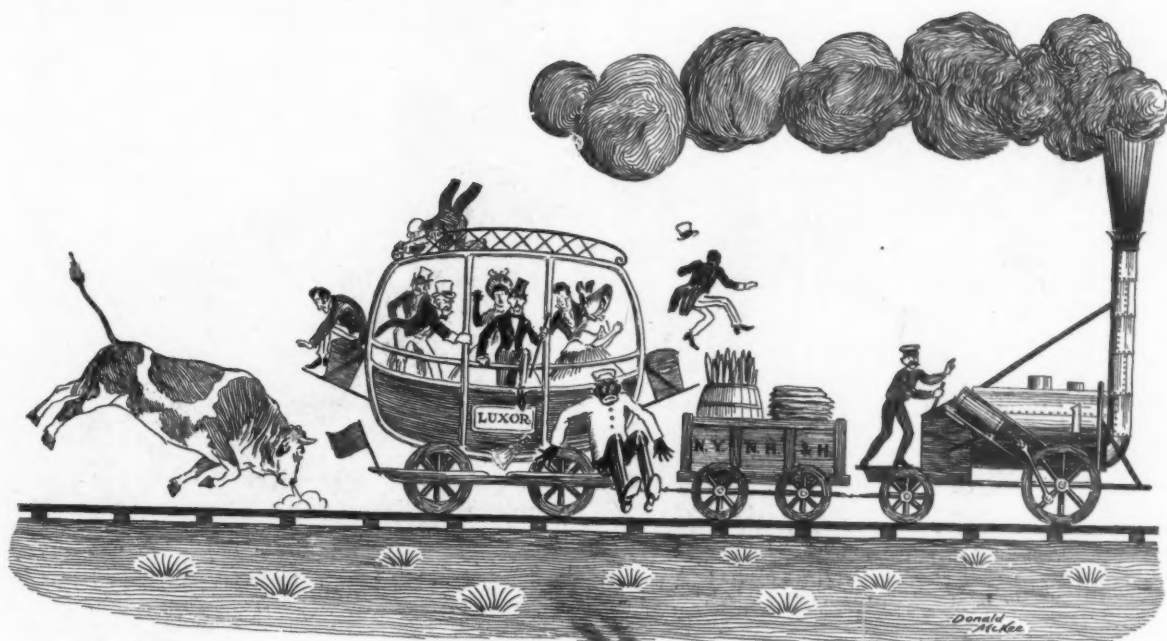
THE many good friends of LIFE's Fresh Air Farm may find interest in this extract from an article in the South Norwalk Evening Sentinel of July 13th:

There are few people in Fairfield County who do not take a personal interest in LIFE's Farm, in Branchville, that unique and most praiseworthy charity that gives two weeks of real country life with wholesome food and expert care to an army of poor kiddies from the very poorest of the poor in New York City every summer absolutely free.

Before describing LIFE's Farm and its good works, we must introduce Father and Mother Mohr. The worthy superintendent and his good wife are absolutely ideal persons for the responsible positions they so ably fill. Officially they are the Rev. and Mrs. U. O. Mohr, but not to the two hundred little boys and girls who are under their care. No; they are just Father and Mother Mohr, and no parents could show more care for their own children than this good man and woman give to these forlorn little waifs.

As their assistants they have two young men and three young women, all college students, all of them with experience in the care of children. Their life is not an easy one. Every other Tuesday they have to get their charges up at daybreak, give them their breakfast, and get them aboard the train for New York which leaves Branchville at 6:22 A. M. Arriving in New York City they must be safely delivered at the various places where they were collected, and another two hundred assembled and marched back to the station to catch the train for Branchville, reaching that station about 7 P. M. They are then fed and hustled into bed. Then begins the care of this small and haphazard little army of kids between the ages of four and fourteen, of all nations and creeds—Irish and Italian, Armenians and Americans, Jews and Gentiles, Protestant and Catholic—for two solid weeks, then they are taken back and the same grind goes on with another bunch from the last week in June until Labor Day.

(Continued on page 240.)



"BLAME IT ON THE ENGINEER"

### No, Sir!

A FUTURIST leader named Marinetti is said to have invented a new garment for men which is made out of one piece and has but one button. It can be taken on or off almost immediately. We presume that this garment is intended for summer use, but we greatly doubt whether it will be a success in this country.

For who is to sew on that one button in an emergency?

There was a time when you could get buttons sewed on at home. That was some time ago. Now tailors and repairers have come to take the place of wives and grandmothers. But no man of any self-esteem is going to wear a garment which depends upon one button, which may come off at any moment. We have troubles enough already.

### Limited

THE President seems to be having a hard time among bankers and financiers securing members of the Federal Reserve Board."

"Yes. But you must remember that the idea of this board is to have on it only honest men."



LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

# · LIFE ·



MARY LANE McMILLAN

## WEATHER FORECAST

The Disturbance Along the Coast Will Reach the Interior To-night with Increased Intensity. Clearing Conditions Will Follow

## Cut Out

ALADDIN having duly rubbed the lamp, the genie appeared and said pleasantly:

"Well, old top, what can I do for you now?"

"I've been thinking," said Aladdin,

"that I should like to meet all my favorite authors personally."

The genie took out his pad.

"Let me get this order straight, sir. Living or dead?"

"Both."

"Your favorite authors, living and dead. All together, sir, or in rotation?"

Aladdin mused.

"Well," he replied, "I think in rotation. I want a personal, intimate sort of chat with each of them—an opportunity, you see, to size them up and get acquainted with them."

"Very good, sir."

The genie disappeared. It was only five minutes later when the bell rang. They had begun to arrive.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Look here, you infernal idiot," said Aladdin to the genie, "you've done me a nice turn! You gave me a heart-to-

heart talk with all my favorite authors."

"You requested it, sir. I am your slave."

"But you ought to guard my interests better than that, you over-obsequious old devil."

The genie shrugged his massive shoulders and said:

"If not an impertinence, sir, may I inquire what is the trouble?"

"Why, I am cut out of my favorite pastime, you black-faced greenhorn. Now that I have seen what an ordinary lot all my favorite authors are, I no longer have any desire to read their books."

"BY the way, Jack, Mr. Sebrecht says you ought to cover the lawn with fertilizer this fall."

JACK (*pushing the lawn-mower*): Oh, does he! I s'pose he thinks I want this grass to grow even faster than it does now.



"DID YO' SAY FO' TO STOP IN DIS VIL-LAGE, SAH?"

"NO, GO AHEAD NOW. YOU'VE HIT THE MAN I INTENDED TO SEE."





MARY LANE McMILLAN

WEATHER FORECAST  
Considerably Cooler To-night

### Guide to Congress for All Patriots

**SESSION**—A season of hot air, sometimes extending all the year around.

**CALENDAR**—A chronological display of all favorites.

**AMENDMENT**—Something placed on the tail-end of a bill to rob it of all its strength.

**COMPROMISE**—A universal rule for running any government.

**SPEAKER**—The one man who has to listen.

**UNANIMOUS CONSENT**—Something nobody objects to, because he may want to use it himself at any moment.

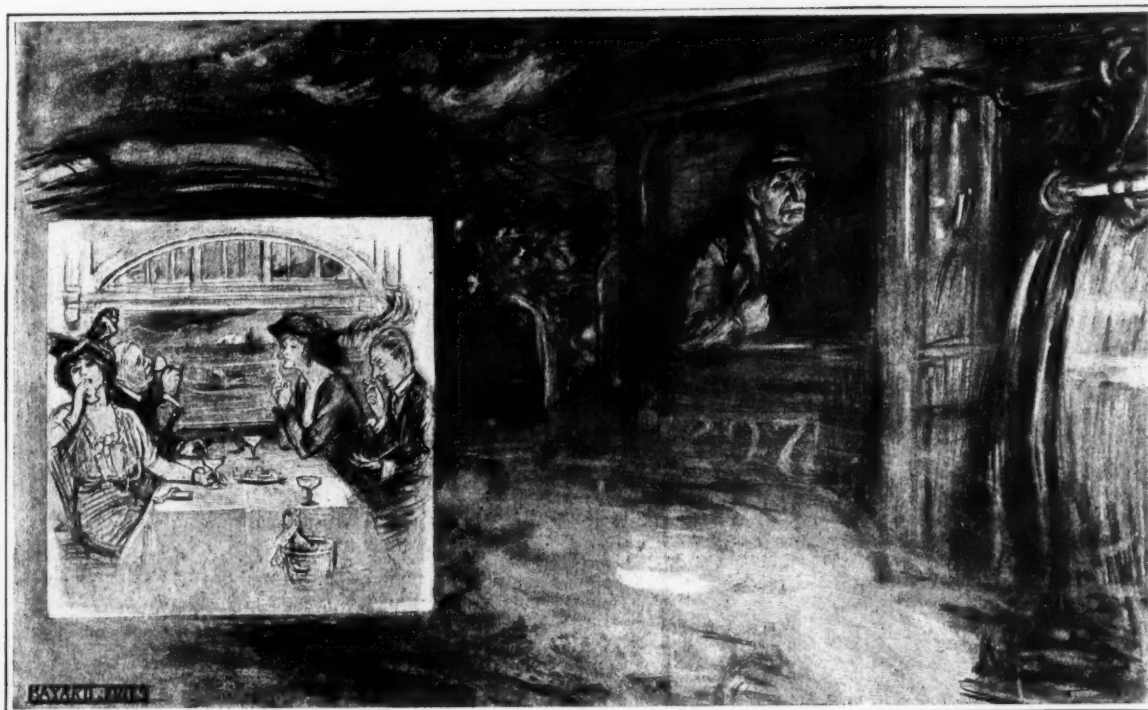
**CAUCUS**—The motive power of all legislature.

### Just a Quiet Joy

**EVERY** man with a legal mind having been suddenly afflicted by an incurable disease, consternation prevailed. At first the truth was not realized, it being thought that the disease had attacked everyone indiscriminately. When at last it became known that only legal lights would be put out, those who remained stood aghast.

The end came quietly, however. There being no more law, anarchy subsided. Also courts, reprisals, politics and monopoly.

So that the millennium, as it should have been, was received with more than the usual dignity to be expected upon such a great occasion.



"ONLY THE ENGINEER WAS KILLED"



SUGGESTED TO ANTHONY COMSTOCK  
BUTCHER BOYS SHOULD BE COMPELLED TO  
WEAR THICKER APRONS

### Take Your Choice

THE serum specialists have been sending out press notices of the marvelous results accomplished by typhoid vaccine in the army, and especially in the camps in Texas.

On the other hand, Surgeon-General Gorgas, who is an authority accredited even by the serumites, tells us of the great results accomplished in the army by improved military hygiene and sanitation, and refers to those same Texas camps without a word of typhoid vaccine.

In a case like this, where one group of marvels is entirely invisible to the custodians of another group of marvels, there is nothing left for the humble layman but to fall back on his own common sense and take his choice. Which shall we do? Shall we make our military camps sanitary or shall we rely for safety upon having somebody else's impure blood in our veins?

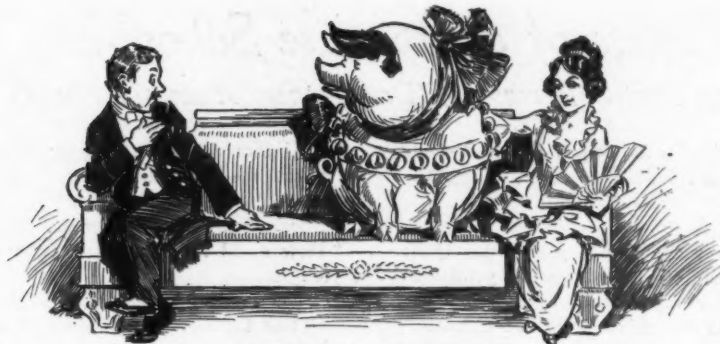
### Foolish?

THE heart performs probably the most useful service for the body, in the long run, of all the organs. It supplies primal energy, which enables the machine and its parts to produce. If you bought a motor-car and put into it a large part of your capital, would you select the steepest hill in your vicinity and then see how much you could strain your engine by forcing your car up that hill on high gear?

That is about what college boys do in a boat race. In half an hour's time a boy may injure his heart permanently by overstrain, for an immediate glory that is almost forgotten in nine days. He may reek with brains, but brains will do him little good with a knocked-out, oar-stricken heart.

**WILLIE:** Pa, what is a "café de luxe"?

**PA:** About ten per cent. café and ninety per cent. looks.



PET PIGS ARE POPULAR, NOW.



GEN. VILLA BUYS A NEW BATH TUB.



ENGLISH PROFESSOR SAYS NOAH ATE THE APPLE.



OVER THE FALLS AT NIAGARA



ANOTHER CUSTOMER FOR UNCLE SAM.

JULY



THE PRINCE OF WALES ELUDS THE SUFFRAGETTES.



A SAFE AND SANE FOURTH.

R. T. RICHARDS.



## Letters of a Japanese School-boy

### The Terrible Increase of Drunkenness Among Engineers

To Editor "Life Magazine" who adds happy time-table to all stations where it is sold,

DEAR SIR:—

I wish tell you a peculiarity I just met. Quite recently of yore I accoutered one bereaved gentleman weeping alonesome on R R depot bench by St Josephine, Mo. He was tired out in expensive clothes of Col. Mulhall appearance while refined J. Ham Lewis expression showed from his chin-moustache.

Yet he wep.

Of frequently he make thumb-signal to Hon. Pullman reporter who pass by making no attention to him.

"O Sir!" he decry pitfully to Hon. Pullman, "will you not kindly take my baggage of bag and put him in haxicab?"

"Shall not!" retort that burnt complexion from red hat. "Kindly not to speak words at me. If I was seen recognizing you I should also be fired jobless."

So Hon. Pullman pass onwards resembling Hon. Al Jolson.

I walk upwards to this alonesome gentleman. I should speak to him, because I am kind to animals.

"What kind of smallpox do you enjoy that fingers dare not touch you without insult?" I ask it.

"I am former President of this road," he sorra. "It is fashionable to despise me. Last week Governors came to my office before passing laws. To-day news-butcherries refuse to sell me 'LIFE'. I am a taint."

"What were cause of your fall-down?" I ask to know.

"I was too good a President," he say it. "I was too kind to passengers. No railroad in America had more cleaner hospitals or better burial service than mine. My undertakers, nurses, coroners and alibi lawyers was continuously alert, ready to be at scene of wreck before it happened. No one who has ever been through one of our personally conducted wrecks could say it was not perfect in every way. And yet persons are never satisfied."

"Yet should not R. R. Presidents be more infrequent about wrecks?" I inquest chivalrously.

"R. R. Presidents does not cause wrecks!" he holla.

"Not do? Who do?" I ask to know.

"Engineers does," he snagger with statistics.

"What reason makes them?" is next question for me.

"Intemperence of drunkenness," he tell.

"How could those steam chauffeurs be so intoxic?" I abject.

He make no intellectual reply to this composal.

"Out of 686 wrecks exploding on my road in year 1913 more than 103% have been caused by engineers full of alcohol habit. I know because my hired Inspector make this report. I signed those reports, so they must be truer than ever. From those 686 reports not one of my employed Inspectors find something wrong with woodish cars, folding-bed road, bow-legged rails and wink-wink lantern signal. Ah, no! 'Engineer drunk' say each report with dishagreeable truth."

"All engineers should be locked in jails and engines run by R. R. Presidents for temperence," I suggest.

"Perhaps," he eggree. "I have here," (he make hand-poke to vestcoat pocket and fetch forth one slight pamphlet-book of respectful Presbyterian expression), "I have here Board of Directors Report of slight south-end collision occurring at Cemetary View last October."

So he read for following:

"Our special Inspector, Mr. I. M. Aliar, have made deep-down investigation of wreck occurring at Cemetary View. He find following facts:

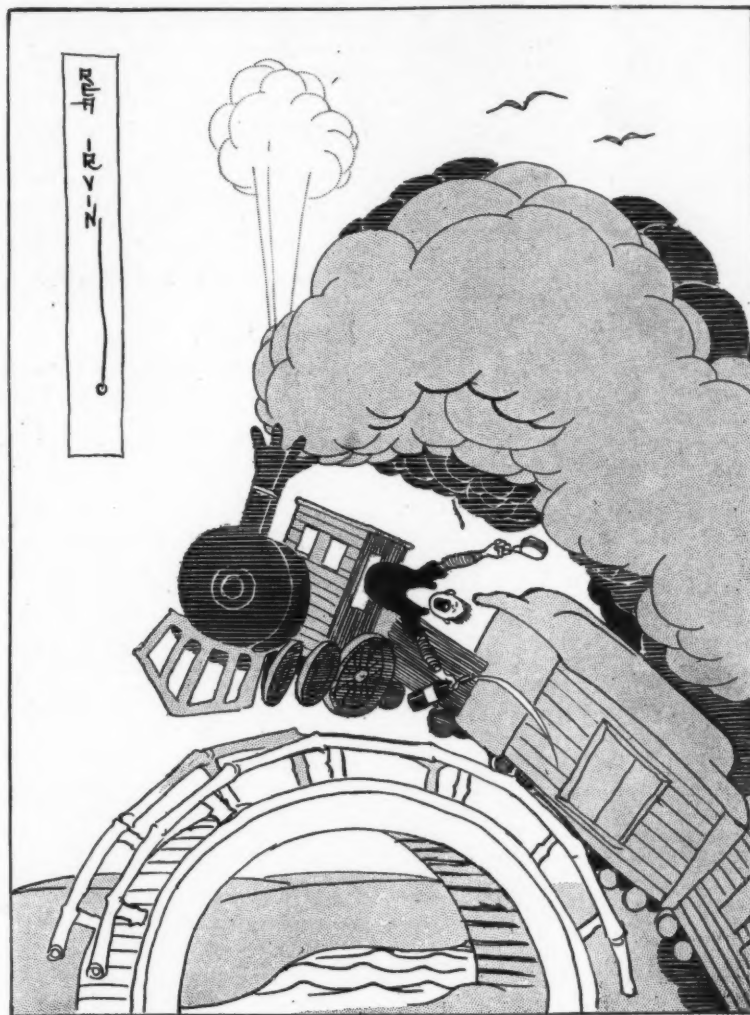
1—Report of 67 dead passengers was considerable exaggerated in news. 12 of them was suffering from asthma, 6 from nervous prostratus and 3 from hookworm, so they would die sometime anyhow.

2—Nothing were wrong with road-bed of the N. G., I. O. U. & C. Q. D. because Hon. Track Walk did so several years ago and reported everything safe, though slightly rusted. Track were spread ½ inch near place where axident exploded—but this are almost nothing in a road 3,000 miles long.

3—Everything possible were did for safety of passengers. Usual signal, composed of coal-oil lamp and 2 candles, were placed in window of Mrs Casey's barn. If they blew out it were fault of weather, not Board of Directors. Cars were constructed of best grade hand-sawed hickory, seasoned by 50 years continuous



"Yet he wep"



"'Engineer drunk!' say each report"

service. Wood is better for cars than steel because it bounces better and does not hit so hard when collided.

- 4—Every attempt were made to interview Hon. Engineer, but could not do, thank you, because dead. However, empty bottle marked 'Oil' were discovered in overalls, so it were evidently plain that unfortunate man had been habitual drunker of cocktails concealed in coal oil.

"From these conclusions, Hon. Board of Directors, your Inspector are

saddishly obliged to admit that Hon. Engineer were blame for wreck because of his saloonatic habits."

When Hon. R. R. Pres stop off reading that Report he feel much stronger in elbows.

"R. R. officials," he say so, "are like all other Christian marters. They are blameworthy men continually picked onto by peev and complaint. Yet all we require is to be let alone with 35% dividends. If something must be reformed in our roads, let W. C. T. U. speak crossly to our engineers."

"My Aunt Taki Kati belong to

Woman's Heathen Temperence Union of Tokio," I suggest. "Perhaps she could start movement to divorce all engineers from saloons——"

"O not to do!" holla Hon. Pres excitedly. "If Demon Rummy was entirely removed away from Engineers, to what could we blame our wrecks to?"

I am puzzled for reply.

Hoping you are the same

Yours truly

HASHIMURA TOGO.

(Per Wallace Irwin.)

### Uninteresting People

(NOTE:—We have started this department against our own inclination, in response to a universal demand. If you know any uninteresting people, send in an article about them. It will be gladly received.)

**PETER PANHANDLE:** This gentleman is without doubt the most uninteresting railroad president we have. He rose to his mighty position through several acts of Congress and a number of bond issues. He received his education in a car-house, and his conversations about railroad bookkeeping have never been equalled for lack of interest. He has also read one of Shakespeare's plays.

**Jane Plunkett:** The rise of this lady from a humble beginning, becoming at last one of the most uninteresting female figure of modern times, is now history. Escaping from a Siberian prison, she crossed Europe in a drosky, came to this country disguised as a stoker, worked in a factory, and is now on our editorial staff. In spite of her adventures, she never forgets herself for a moment, and is always uninteresting, as her articles constantly show.

**Simon Strum:** The most uninteresting boy in America. He spends all of his time in studying the text-books used in our public schools. During the past year he has read five hundred of them, and still retains his reason. This fact enables him to keep up his reputation for being so wonderfully uninteresting that he is a constant source of surprise, even to those who are fairly familiar with the material he works in.



"ANYTHING TO MEND?"

### Preposterous

**CAPERTON** (*a man of business*): Now, my dear, I want you to sit down and figure up in advance just what our necessary expenses will be for the coming year; that is to say, I want you to prepare a budget.

**MRS. CAPERTON** (*who has been attending lectures on current events*): A budget! Why, they don't do that even in Congress. Why should I do what the government of the United States doesn't think necessary?

**CAPERTON**: I hope you are not comparing my method of doing business with that of the United States Government? If I should follow that example I'd fail in three months.

**PARKE**: Is your house insured against fire?

**LANE**: I don't know. I've just been reading over the insurance policy.



A PRICKLY PAIR

### Ridiculous Rumors

**T**HERE have been numerous intimations of late that Mr. William Howard Taft is not at all pleased with the way President Wilson is conducting himself and his office. This is hard to believe. We have always considered Mr. Taft one of Mr. Wilson's staunchest and most loyal supporters. During the four years he was in Washington he did everything in his power to make it easy for Mr. Wilson to be elected. It is not likely, therefore, that he would withdraw his support at this time. Such silly rumors should not be allowed to gain currency.

### Invisible Logic

**T**HE railroad company will put you on an elaborate train, duly fitted with an expensive locomotive burning expensive coal, and ride you all night from New York to Pittsburgh for the sum of nine dollars. The telephone company, however, will charge you two dollars and a half for riding your voice the same distance during the space of three minutes.

It costs less to send a human body of, say, a hundred and fifty pounds, plus a trunk of one hundred and fifty pounds, between these two points and between other points than it does to send four voices. A layman must assume that a situation such as this is based upon infallible logic, but even a layman may be pardoned for hinting that the logic is invisible.



"IMPOSSIBLE TO ARGUE WITH YOU WOMEN—YOU IMMEDIATELY BECOME HYSTERICAL"

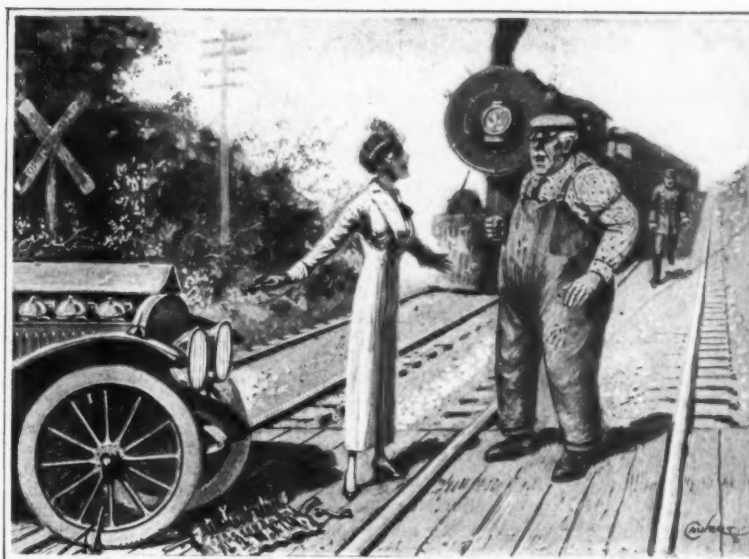


# I Heard a Baby Cry

I HEARD a baby on the train  
Cry out. And from the magic  
pane,  
Which for my young, wayfaring soul  
Enchanted visions did unroll,  
I tolerantly turned, to see  
What such a mighty grief might be;  
And smiled, and thought, "What cosmic  
woe  
Sets that loud atom howling so?"

I hear a baby cry. I hear  
And oh, some iron-handed fear  
Snatches my heart and grips it tight,  
Ere I can smile away my fright!  
My girls ride, vision-led, in trains;  
My boys are driving aeroplanes;—  
Yet Fear shall get me till I die  
Each time I hear a baby cry!

Charlotte Wilson.



"OH! I WAS JUST WISHING SOMEBODY WOULD COME ALONG THAT COULD FIX MY ENGINE!"



THE MILLENNIUM

"BREAKFAST IS NOW BEING SERVED IN THE DINING-KYAR,  
GENTLEMEN"

## Accuracy

ACCURACY is the longest distance between two points. Inaccuracy does not have to consider whether it is right or not. It can, therefore, arrive at any result it wishes without any trouble or annoyance. But accuracy has to weigh everything, to test each step in the process. That is why it is unpopular. Its work consists of a constant series of failures, produced in the most uninteresting manner.

To be accurate is always to be doubtful. The accurate man is therefore a coward. He is constantly building intrenchments. As all of the facts about any particular thing never can be collected, the accurate man has always something to learn. He never gets through. He is interminable. Nowhere does there exist a bigger bore. Having learned the habit of constant evasion and postponement, he is the incarnation of the immoral. He is the apotheosis of negation. The public has no use for him. The public is right.

Inaccuracy, on the other hand, is courageous, dramatic, and almost invariably delightful. It has the elements that make for success. It is moral because all of its actions are based upon a disregard for self. This it sacrifices, with joyous disregard for consequences. Without it life would be too dull to live.

MRS. BOUNDERLY: Do you think it is safe for me to go abroad this year? There have been so many dreadful steamship disasters.

BOUNDERLY: What's the matter with taking out some extra insurance?



AUGUST 6, 1914

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't.

A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

17 West Thirty-first Street, New York  
English Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.

**T**HREAT-  
ENED by  
government  
prosecution, the  
New Haven

road agreed to separate itself from its trolley lines, steamboat lines and the Boston & Maine Railroad. Then the Massachusetts Legislature declined to give it permission to sell its Boston & Maine stock except subject to a right of the State of Massachusetts to buy the stock at a valuation. Massachusetts wants to control the stock, and especially to prevent its falling into hands of a corporation like the Canadian Pacific Railroad, which might use the B. & M. for purposes of trade that would not be to New England's advantage. But with this string tied to the B. & M. stock, the New Haven could not sell it to good advantage. Rather than have the stockholders of their crippled road stand another heavy loss by selling this stock below its value, the directors reluctantly declined to carry out their agreement with the Department of Justice. The Massachusetts Legislature, they said, had changed the terms of it so that it wouldn't do.

Very well, says Attorney-General McReynolds to the President. They have gone back on their agreement without proper justification and now, if you say so, I'll sue them for dissolution and have the law besides on any of the directors who may be found criminally culpable, though the Interstate Commerce Commission has butted in so and asked the directors so many questions that they may claim immunity.

And the President replied:

Their failure upon so slight a pretext to carry out an agreement deliberately and solemnly entered into, and which was manifestly in the common interest, is to me inexplicable and entirely without justification.

So, unless something happens to prevent, there will be proceedings at law to disembowel the New Haven still further, and, if possible, find some of the directors guilty of something punishable.



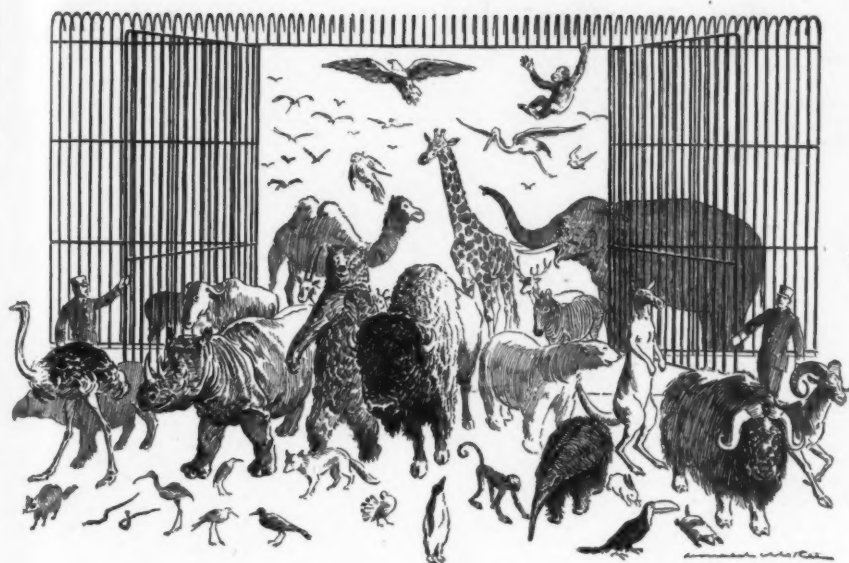
**P**ERHAPS it is as well that the courts should have a look-in in these New Haven road matters, if only it doesn't take an interminable time. To our mind, the opinion of the Attorney-General, accepted by the President, that the action of the Massachusetts Legislature about the B. & M. stock did not justify the New Haven in withdrawing from its agreement, is not as convincing as it might be. Director Hadley, for example, seems to have been among those who thought differently. Director Hadley, like President Wilson, has had a long training as a college president, and, so far as that training qualifies a man to be an expert in the ethics of railroading, he ought to be about as good an expert as Dr. Wilson. But besides that, Dr. Hadley has been a railroad commissioner and is really a great sharp about railroads. If he is unwilling to throw away a lot more of the New Haven's money to oblige the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, it

helps to give standing to the notion that perhaps it is a thing that ought not to be done. At any rate, since the Massachusetts Legislature has made the tender mercies of the courts look better to the New Haven directors than the tender mercies of the Department of Justice, let us be resigned and hope the road has chosen the more profitable part. If the road should beat the government in a lawsuit it would be rather a popular victory, not because the government is unpopular, but because the road has been so terribly unlucky and has been kicked around so much to get its bone away from it that folks sympathize with it for its sufferings. Whatever it has been or has done in the last six years, it is now a corporation under new management, with an excellent man at the head of it and thoroughly chastened purposes, and the chief concern of the public is that it should give good service and recover its credit and its standing in the community.



**T**HE trouble with the relinquishment by Mr. Jones of his aspirations to be one of the Federal Reserve Board is that he seemed to be an entirely suitable person to be on that important board, and suitable men who are willing to serve are scarce. The only compensation that suggests itself for the loss of him is that Senator Reed, of Missouri, and Senator Hitchcock, of Nebraska, have made names for themselves. They have been thoroughly advertised, and if they continue to pose as Democrats nobody need be fooled by their postures.

But that is small compensation for the damage done. The salaries of the members of the Federal Reserve Board are twelve thousand dollars. The men needed for that board are bankers and business men of a quality and training that enables them to make a great deal more than that in their business. That helps to make it hard to fill the board. When, after great pains, and searching of records, and persuasion, fit appointees have been sorted out and



PAROLED

WHEN THE LAW IS EXTENDED TO COVER NON-OFFENDERS

appointed, along come these Senators—two apostate Democrats and three or four Republicans who ought to be in a better business—and send back this important work to be done over again.

It is too bad. It seems a wanton waste of labor. Nevertheless, these buffets are a part of the job. Who would employ his energies in the public service must take it as it is, and if to be bully-ragged by blatherskites and pilloried by partisans is a necessary part of the proceedings, those exercises may doubtless be endured along with others that are more serviceable. That our large and variegated country should furnish Reeds and Hitchcocks and Bristows to the Senate is to be expected. One has to take the Senate as it comes, just as one takes the Secretary of State. On the whole, the present Senate has done well by us. We could by no means have spared it or its labors on legislation.



AND let us hope that the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs will consent some time to hear any-

thing Mr. Roosevelt has to say about Colombia and Panama. The government of the United States is a continuous concern whose responsibility never lapses. The power that now seeks to make a treaty and pay money to Colombia is the same that acquired the Canal Zone at Panama. Not President Roosevelt, but the people of the United States whose agent he was, were responsible for what was done then. Not President Wilson, but the people, are responsible for what it is sought to do now. The responsibility of Presidents for their actions amounts to little, and of ex-Presidents to nothing. Commercially speaking, they are not "good". But we are "good", and when we lose we have to pay, no matter who our agent was. This Colombia-Panama matter was and is our affair. Mr. Roosevelt as our late manager is on our side of it, and as a witness for us thinks he can make it clear that we did nothing but what was necessary and proper. We are entitled to have him heard. The idea that the affair was his and that he wants to clear himself is all wrong. The affair was ours. It is we who need to be cleared, and if he can help us we should welcome his assistance.



THE unfortunate propensity of Erring Brother Hearst to detach himself from truth in the throes of political controversy is so sad a subject and so notorious that our contemporaries usually avoid it. What is the use of reiteration to disclose what is so often observed, to wit, that when facts fail Brother Hearst in some position he has taken, he has his reporters make up whatever news is necessary to his support and has his editors print it in his papers. We all know that he does that when it seems good to him, and accordingly nobody who understands his habits ever trusts his news.

All this is so familiar and so sad that considerate people don't like to talk about it. When some headline in Brother Hearst's *American* surprises them they merely say, "I guess not", and turn to some other paper to get the news. Brother Hapgood is less considerate than most of his brethren in this matter. In his *Harper's Weekly* of June 25th is set forth in detail the story of the good correspondent, Roscoe Conkling Mitchell, who likes to speak the truth so far as he can, but, still, being out of a job, hired out to represent the *American* at Niagara Falls while the mediators were mediating there. The short of the story is that Mr. Mitchell found his Niagara dispatches were being doctored in New York and filled up with what was not so, so that he had to resign by telegraph and get out.

It is a terrible misfortune to Brother Hearst that he should have got so out of touch and conceit with truth. It is also in its way a public calamity, because it makes the offices of his numerous publications nurseries unfavorable to the development of integrity and high character in young men. To set a reporter to write lying stories is to debauch his character. To twist and violate the truth for hire is a terrible form of prostitution. To procure it done will be punishable some time, just like other forms of white slavery.





“Mr. Hopkins-Jo Mr.

· L E ·



kins-Jo Mr. Hopkins-Jones!"



A BAFFLING DELIVERY

"I GOT A INSHOOT, A OUTSHOOT AND A DROP."  
 "BUT I CAN'T NOTICE IT."  
 "COURSE YA CAN'T, YA SIMP! DAT'S DE BEAUTY OF IT. HOWJA THINK I  
 FOOLED DE BATTERS?"

## Greeting!

HELLO, colored brother! Where did you come from?

Oh, yes, I remember. How have you been since?

Not well? Um! Isn't that your own fault?

Then why not learn to take care of yourself? That's what we try to do at least. By the way, do you know you cost us a lot?

What's that? True. But you ought to have sense enough to leave when you are not wanted.

No place to go? Not even back in Africa? Nonsense! Well, even if it's true, it's no excuse.

Brains? Not our fault. We don't create people. We only create problems.

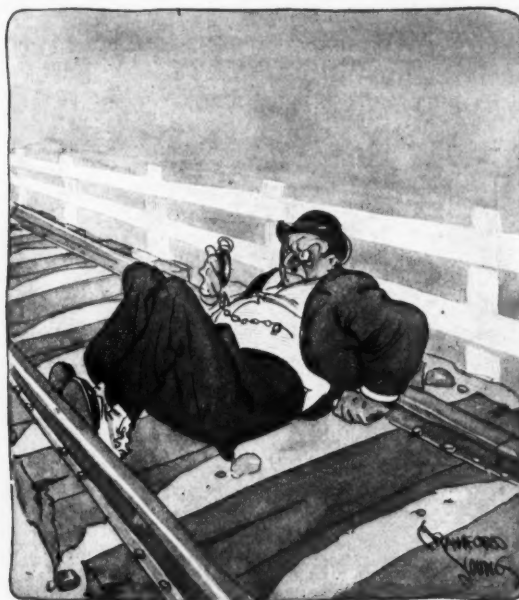
Exactly. You're one of 'em. That's why we want to get rid of you. Eh?

Certainly. Why not? It's the only way we know about, anyway. When you can't solve a problem, get rid of it. That's our idea.



SNIPING

"WHAT'S her bridge like?"  
 "The Bridge of Sighs—makes everyone gasp."



Prospective Suicide: DAMMIT! THE TRAINS ON  
 THIS LINE ARE NEVER ON TIME!





ACCORDING TO THEIR STATIONS

"THIS TRAIN FOR GARDEN CITY, QUEENS, LITTLE NECK, WADING RIVER AND SPEONK!"

The K. C. R. R.

THE K. C. R. R. is the most remarkable railroad in existence.

When a train is stalled, its conductors and brakemen volunteer information as to the reason.

When an express is late, the ticket-agent finds out how late, and whether you'd better take a local.

When there has been an accident, full particulars are posted in the waiting-rooms along the line and furnished to the newspapers.

Its brakemen receive lessons in elocution, and announce stations as plainly as print.

Its conductors say "Thank you" when they take your ticket.

Its cars are kept at seventy degrees in winter, and are not frizzled in the hot sun of the yard in summer.

Its ice is handled with clean gloves and kept in a clean water-cooler.

Its porters pay as much attention to a fussy old lady with four children to

look after as to a bank president with a half-dollar tip in his pocket.

Its time-tables do not seek to see how little paper they can use, but how much information they can give.

Its gatemen are grateful to the public for the questions which enable them to earn their salaries.

Its entire force is selected as carefully with a view to their pleasing people as a set of dry-goods clerks would be.

This remarkable K. C. R. R. runs between the cities of Kindness and Courtesy, and its president is O. O. Nemo, 1 Dream Street, Weisnichtwo, N. G. Address him for further particulars. *Amos R. Wells.*

"PAPA, why do they call money you have in the bank a bank balance?"

"To show the great range of the English language, my boy. They call it a bank balance because it is the most uncertain thing there is."

Truthful Statements

DOCTOR PILLEM: My dear sir, it is a miracle that you are alive to-day.

PATIENT: Yes, that's what my friends said when I told them you were attending me.



"M'RIA, LET GO! THE TRAIN'S STARTED!"



"YOU'RE IT, PA! HE TOUCHED YOU!"

## The Latest Books

MOST of us have to die to get to heaven. Elijah, however, was translated. And it is pretty much that way with foreign literature. Most of it has to die and be buried, locally, before it gets into English. But occasionally a book gets translated while it is still alive.

Just think how the small boys, who happened to be around when the fiery chariot drove up to the prophet's door, ran shouting to spread the news, and you will understand why *LIFE* (leaving a once-upon-a-time German best-seller, "*Der Kraft-Mayr*", by Baron von Wolzogen, and a ten-year-old work by Henri Bergson on "*Dreams*" to wait their turn for attention) hastens to proclaim the miraculous event of the appearance in English, while it is yet but three years old, in its second edition, and in the full vigor of its leavening and prophetic career, of Wassily Kandinsky's "*Ueber das Geistige in der Kunst*".

Of course it is too bad that "*The Art of Spiritual Harmony*" (Houghton, Mifflin; \$1.75) could not have come out a year ago last March, when some hundreds of thousands of Americans were attending the International Exhibition; were gazing in a state of incandescent curiosity at Duchamp's "*Nude Descending a Staircase*"; were pointing out, in triumphant excitement, the performers in Picabia's "*Dance at the Spring*"; were gaping in indignant or amused bewilderment at Kandinsky's own "*Improvisation*"; and were ready by the hundreds to listen in rapt receptivity to anyone who, possessing a glimmering of understanding, showed an inclination to share the treasure. The edition would have been exhausted in a day.

The delay, however, has its advantages. The frantically curious of a year ago have forgotten that particular curiosity. And so, since Kandinsky's book does not attempt a merely popular explanation of the momentary vagaries of the emerging art forms, it will not disappoint an audience to whom it is not addressed. On the other hand, it will find the really considerable and constantly growing number of minds that are genuinely desirous of clarifying their own esthetic impulses and correlating their own esthetic responses infinitely better prepared, because of the interval, to profit by the illuminating yet frankly investigatory analyses of the fundamental appeals of form and color (irrespective of their representational employment) offered by this modest yet bold pioneer. The translator, Mr. T. H. Sadler, has written an interesting if somewhat Machiavellian introduction to the book.

"**FLORIAN MAYR**", as Ernst von Wolzogen's "*Der Kraft-Mayr*" is called in its English edition (Huebsch, \$1.35), gives a sympathetically smiling and confidential account of

the professional and personal tribulations of a big, honest, likable but ridiculous pianist in his naïve efforts to win his way to the front in the musical and social worlds of Berlin and Weimar in the early 1880's. Liszt is one of the book's chief characters, and the charmingly intimate, unaffected and life-like-seeming portrait of the great virtuoso, popular idol and musical autocrat in the semi-public, Oriental-potentate phases of his final activities is the most enduring and valuable asset the work possesses. To which is to be added the panoramic entertainment of the novel's amused yet understanding passing in review of the social and bohemian types, the axe-grindings and temperament-toyings, that characterize that far from neutral zone between the realm of art and the territory of convention. And finally there is the allure of the hero's own childlike story, with its headstrong innocence and its *bourgeois* self-fulfillment. Unhappily, however, that friable and fugitive, yet precious attribute, the patina of the author's style—that delicate skin of textural and surface quality in which resides so much of the flavor of literary personality—has been so damaged as to be all but lost in the translation. The book is interesting, but, like an excavated marble, has been pock-marked by the pick.

HENRI BERGSON has either been singularly lucky in the translators he has had thrust upon him, or else the suave dynamic of his style is such that it establishes what the spiritualists know as a "control" over those who undertake to render his writings into English. His essay on "*Dreams*", which appeared in 1901 (which is to say, fairly early in the modern preoccupation with this subject) now comes to us in a most satisfactory translation by E. E. Slosson. Like all the French philosophers' speculations, it is at once crystalline in the quality of its clarified thought and forceful by reason of the direct humanness of its presentation. To the student of the later developments of the Freudian school of psycho-analysis, it cannot but appear to be in many respects superficial; but to the lay dreamer of dreams, with the layman's casual liking for seeing his own wheels go round, no more fascinating glimpse is obtainable of the mooted mechanism of our dream activities.

J. B. Kerfoot.

## Confidential Book Guide

*Burbury Stoke*, by William John Hopkins. A slow-moving but flavorsome story of the New England coast.

*Dodo's Daughter*, by E. F. Benson. A second bite at a popular fictional cherry of the 1890's.

*Five Plays*, by Lord Dunsany. Tasty appetizers for the interesting work of an Irish writer of strong personality.

*Forty Years of It*, by Brand Whitlock. A fine bit of autobiography in which we get an interesting perspective on Reform.

*Hail and Farewell, Vale*, by George Moore. The final volume of a trilogy of Boswellian autobiography.

*Joseph Pulitzer*, by Alleyne Ireland. A remarkable verbal etching.

*Love and the Soul-Maker*, by Mary Austin. The metaphysics of marriage seen from the distaff side.

*Penrod*, by Booth Tarkington. Another contribution to natural history. Field notes on the doings of the American boy.

*The Precipice*, by Elia W. Peatie. A good story and an interesting fictional glimpse of contemporary Chicago.

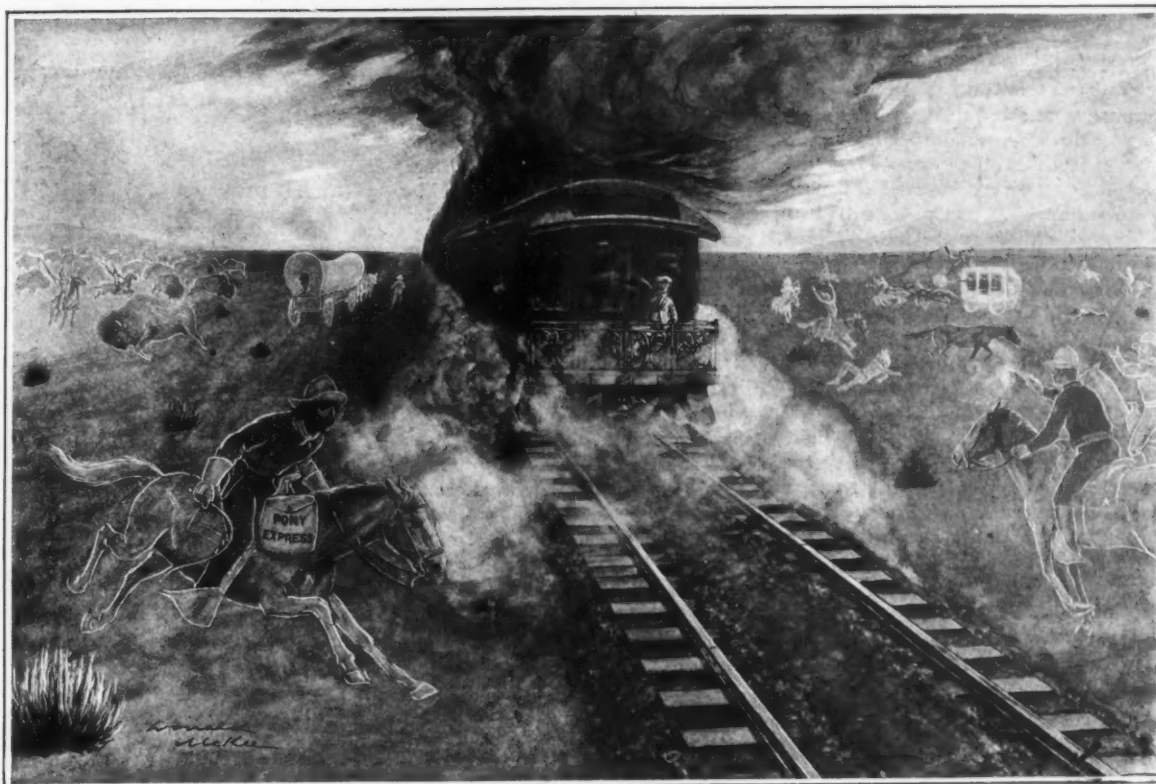
*The Marryers*, by Irving Batcheller. Provincial Americans abroad satirized from an old-time, provincial standpoint.

*The Price of Love*, by Arnold Bennett. A Five Town story in which the author's lighter vein is combined with some of his finer character work.

*The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists*, by Robert Tressall. The ante-mortem statement of an English workman. A ruthless showing-up of labor.

*The Salamander*, by Owen Johnson. Young ladies with latchkeys. A sociological study sensationalized.

*What Will People Say?* by Rupert Hughes. A brilliant novel of New York.



Tourist: WHAT A SINGULARLY BLANK AND UNINTERESTING STRETCH OF COUNTRY!

### Corroborating Woodrow

WHEN President Wilson says the trouble with business is psychological, the know-better Republican and other papers point at him with the finger and cry "Sic him!" to their cartoonists.

But what about Editor Sir George Paish, of the *London Statist*, who says in his paper: "There is no fundamental reason for depression. . . . The main cause of the existing situation is that Continental and American investors have lost their nerve."

He agrees with President Wilson that there is great business ahead. When the Balkans and Mexico have been straightened out and the Interstate Commerce Commission has taken action on railroad rates, there will be, he says, "a greater (trade) expansion than ever known before".

### A Matter of Duty

THE New York *World* notes that Yale University has lost a very substantial income through the fiscalization of the New Haven road, and suggests that it is Director Hadley's duty:

"To influence the university corporation to bring suits for restitution against any directors of the road who may be held responsible for the plundering of the property."

This is a nice point involved here. Of course it would be perfectly proper for President Arthur Twining Hadley of Yale to get together and talk things over with Director Arthur Twining Hadley of the New Haven road, but we rather incline to the opinion that the suggestion for restitution, if any, would come more gracefully from President Hadley than from Director Hadley.



A CIVIL ENGINEER



## Best People: The Lawyers

SINCE neither the ministers nor the doctors are fit to be our governors, what about the lawyers? Shall we let the lawyers have dominion over us? Are they the ones among the intelligent people whose intelligence really comes to something, so that if we give them power they will see to it that we shall get what is ours, and everybody else what is theirs?

They do govern us a great deal as it is. As servants of the courts they are members by profession of one branch of our government, and they contribute the preponderant element to the other two. Of our twenty-eight Presidents nineteen have been lawyers; in the Senate at present there are fifty-five lawyers out of ninety-six members, and in the House there are two hundred and forty-seven lawyers out of four hundred and thirty-five members. And, of course, all the judges are lawyers. If government by lawyers could satisfy us we might be satisfied to-morrow, for we have the lawyers and they occupy the seats of power, and might exercise the power itself if only they could agree, or we would let them.

But it was a lawyer, an able and successful one, who said the other day: "The trouble with President Wilson as a political leader in a revolutionary time is that his mind is so formal. It is a lawyer's mind. A lawyer who devotes himself to the practice of law gradually loses the capacity to look at things except from a lawyer's standpoint. That is the standpoint of things as they have been. He tends to become a formalist. Knowing the law and the precedents, he measures propositions by their legality, and in his zeal to keep the social order orderly he is liable to reject novelties which may be necessary to its life."

MAYBE that was not a sound criticism of President Wilson, but as a lawyer's view of lawyers it seems edifying. Most of the time for four or five—or maybe ten—years past, the professional state of mind of most of the considerable lawyers has been one of apprehension and gloom. The law has been wobbling; new statutes

have been making or working out. The clients of the big lawyers, the corporations, have been getting it in the neck, and the big lawyers have felt professionally despondent. They had counted on laws to hold civilization up, and it looked as if the load was getting too heavy for the supports. Accordingly, the lawyers came to be depressing company, and they are none too lively and none too optimistic yet. The baby is breaking out of some of its leading strings and the nurses are still looking out for some hard bumps. But they are getting hardened to the unexpected, and don't fidget so much as they did, and are more inclined to take what comfort they can while money still passes current and the semblance of order holds out.

GENTLEMEN of lofty inclinations are prone to speak with approbation of "a government of law and not of men". That is what we all want if we can get it right. But law is an ideal that always is and must be imperfectly realized in human institutions. Between "law" the ideal and the laws of the statute-books and the decisions of the courts there is inevitable disparity. The ideal law in human relations is inflexible and al-



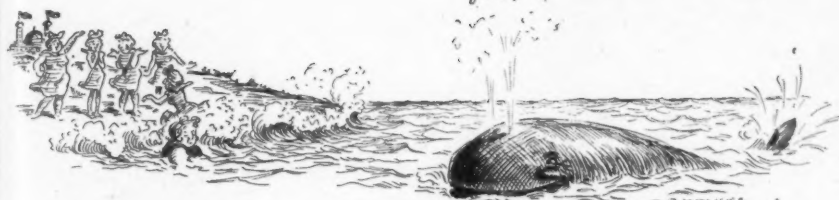
"DROPPING THE BALLAST"

ways up to the date and always operative, like the law of gravity; but the actual laws that are applied to human relations are merely the best practical

(Continued on page 237.)



PLAYING RAILROAD



"GUESS I'LL THROW JONAH UP HERE. THERE SEEMS TO BE A SCARCITY OF MEN"

### Make It General

IF it is such a good idea for doctors to fix their fees in accordance with the paying abilities of their patients, why not extend the principle to other domains of human activity? Before delivering a letter to a gentleman, why not look him up in Bradstreet's and, if he is a millionaire, charge him a good round sum, which would then enable us to deliver letters to the poor without charge? Or, in our public schools, for the operation of inserting a given amount of knowledge into a child's cranium, we should not charge according to the amount or quality of the knowledge or the thickness of the child's cranium, but solely according to the acquisitory powers of the parent. Or at the greengrocer's, we should be able to hear the following dialogue occasionally:

"How much is your spinach?"

"Fifteen cents a bushel, Mrs. Havelittle."

"Sir! I'm not Mrs. Havelittle, if you please. I'm Mrs. Spenderby, of Dividend Terrace."

"A thousand pardons, madam. In that case I could let you have the same

grade of spinach at forty dollars a half-ounce."

"That's more like it. You may send me about two thousand dollars' worth."

*Ellis O. Jones.*

### Wilson Did It

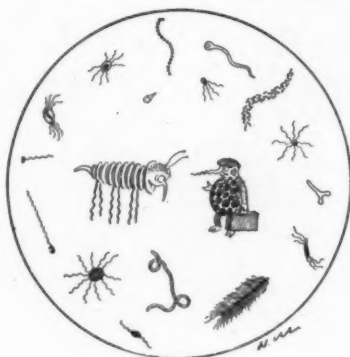
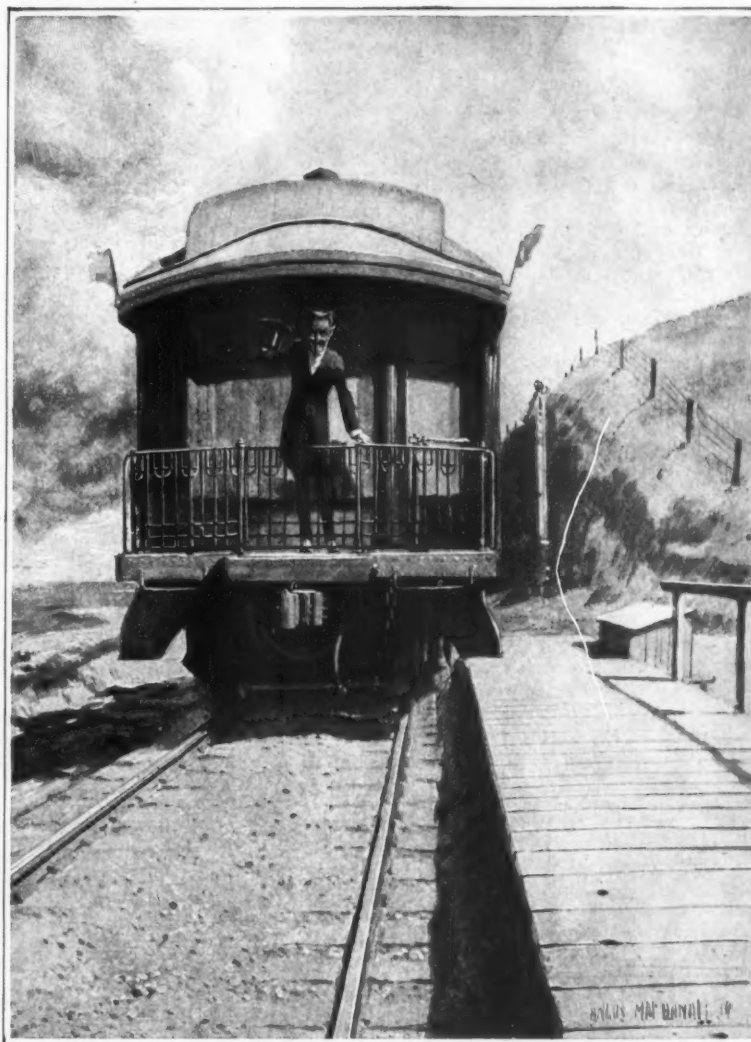
TRADE BAD; UNDERTAKER BLAMES  
DIVORCE CASE

—*Newspaper Headline.*

NOT up-to-date, Mr. Undertaker.

Blame Wilson and have the Opposition with you! The administration's course in Mexico has undoubtedly postponed a great many profitable American funerals.

DICTOGRAPHS rush in where wives may fear to tread.



"GOING SOUTH, EH?"

"SURE. THROUGH THE CANAL."

"PANAMA?"

"NO—ALIMENTARY."

"AU REVOIR"

## What Do You Think?

*We Are Constantly in Receipt of Important Letters Which Are Too Long for Our Limited Space. Brevity Is Desirable.*

### New Zealand Rises to Remark

EDITOR LIFE,

Dear Sir:

In your issue of March 26, 1914, "A Suffragist" writes that "woman suffrage would abolish child labor".

This is unadulterated bosh, and were "Suffragist" residing in this progressive country—where fifteen years ago suffrage was granted without any agitation whatever—the truth would come home—and with a sting in its tail.

Miss "Spankhurst's" plea that votes for women will abolish immorality is just as ridiculous.

If these affluent agitators are so anxious for V. for W. let them "come over here"—N. Z. will hand over a vote and be pleased to have the population increased.

To think that merely pushing a greater quantity of ballot-paper into a box is going to usher in the millennium is surely the result of living in a Fools' Paradise.

It is safe to say that the majority of women's votes are really cast by mere men—by the husband influencing the wife in matters political. So—praise be to Allah—"nature's noblest work" still holds the reins.

Intrepidly yours,

"JOE CARTER."

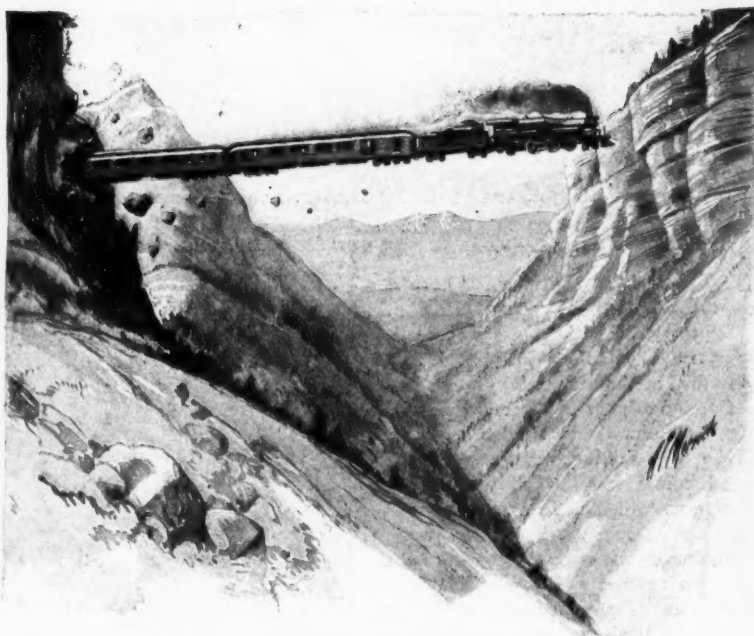
WELLINGTON, N. Z.,  
May 25, 1914.

### Those Editors

DEAR LIFE:

Let me heartily agree with Miss Ellwanger (letter, LIFE, July 8) as to a needed reform in editorial conduct. To an editor who depends on some one else for his typing, it means little or nothing that, through his carelessness in the return of a manuscript, the writer must re-type that manuscript. But to the author a damaged manuscript means hours of precious time wasted in mechanical drudgery, that might else have been devoted to composition.

Personally I have had pretty good fortune with manuscripts, but I have had some things—notably poems—returned with a large "R" scrawled on them in ink, signifying "rejected" to some editorial party or parties unknown. Others have been stamped in scarlet ink with the date of receipt and return. With an occasional lengthy story I gen-



IGNORING MATTER

THE NEW CHRISTIAN-SCIENCE-AIR-LINE EXPRESS BETWEEN NEW YORK  
AND SAN FRANCISCO

erally enclose a protecting title page and a final page. Nine times out of ten the manuscript returns without these two pages, damaged and soiled, and requiring re-typing of the first and last pages before it can be sent out again.

So much for the rejected. The accepted story or poem has, not infrequently, the harder fate in being mauled by editorial pens that have not—alas!—been dipped in the springs of English undefiled. It is a most unhappy experience, upon reading one's published work, to find oneself standing sponsor for careless expressions, mongrel phrases, even absolutely incorrect words, that were never in one's vocabulary. Within the last week I groaned to find the phrase that is my pet *bête noire* smuggled in by a kind-hearted editor under the impression that he was bettering my story—a phrase which is as a chip on the shoulder to me—incorrect, little short of vulgar!

What is one to do? We have innumerable schools for writers. Why not inaugurate a few for editors? They need instruction.

Yours appealingly,

"C. D. N. R."

PHILADELPHIA, PA.,  
July 7, 1914.

### Great Changes

EDITOR OF LIFE:

There are probably many of your subscribers who, on reading this week's editorial article, "Not Polite to the Pope", will recall the Rome of the old papal days, with its insanitary conditions, its ill-paved, thief-infested streets, and its lack of religious toleration, when Jewish citizens were subjected to oppressive restrictions, and the English and American Churches only permitted *outside* the city walls.

With the downfall of the papal rule in 1870 all this was changed. Rome, the capital of a United Italy, became a modernized, sanitary city, civic and religious freedom were instituted, public schools and colleges founded, and Jews and Christians of all beliefs encouraged in their respective work and worship.

In these and other reforms there was prominent Mayor Ernest Nathan—a man of broad culture—and it is eminently proper that he should be welcomed in America as the representative of a progressive, enlightened Italy.

DOUGLAS MERRITT.

RHINEBECK, N. Y.,  
July 7, 1914.





FASHIONS IN BATHING SUITS



### The Limits of Sunday

Doctor Parkhurst, at a dinner in New York, said of Sabbath observance:

"There are too many of us who are like the Hempstead woman.

"This woman said to her little boy the other day.

"You mustn't roll your hoop in the front garden, dear. It's Sunday. Go roll it in the back garden."

"Isn't it Sunday in the back garden, too, mamma?" the little boy asked."

—*Kansas City Star.*

### Unreasonable

George Bernard Shaw is one of the few vegetarians who have remained true to the faith, and in a recent letter to a woman, reproaching her for her fight against the aigrette when she still ate meat, Mr. Shaw said:

"The lack of logic prevails everywhere! We call the tiger a ferocious and ravening beast, but what would you ladies be called if, for example, the lamb chop had a voice?"—*London Opinion.*



A STILL HUNT IN KY.

### Why She Quit

DINAH (employed as waitress): Yas, mum, I am a-leavin' dis place to-morrow.

MISTRESS: Why, Dinah, whatever can have displeased you with your position? Haven't I been treating you well?

DINAH: Oh, yas, indeed you have, mum. But to tell de truf, miss, in dis house dey am too much shiftin' ob de dishes fo' de fewness of de vittles.

### Nothing New

A reporter was interviewing Thomas A. Edison.

"And you, sir," he said to the inventor, "made the first talking machine?"

"No," Mr. Edison replied; "the first one was made long before my time—out of a rib."—*Tit-Bits.*

AN Oklahoma editor was much interested in a scientific note he encountered in a New York paper to the effect that if the earth were flattened the sea would be two miles deep all over the world.

The editor reprinted the note with the following comment:

"If any man is caught flattening the earth, shoot him on the spot. There's a whole lot of us in this State that can't swim."—*Tit-Bits.*

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**Club Cocktails**

**A BOTTLED DELIGHT**

There is a vast difference between a mild degree of pleasure and a full degree of delight. The difference between the guess-work cocktail—quite frequently palate-repelling mixture—and the smooth, mellow, pleasurable cocktail, is embodied in every bottle of CLUB COCKTAILS—unvarying, always the same choice liquors, always the same gratifying flavor. Measured to the drop, aged in wood, blended of fine, matured liquors. Have you tried the Bronx and Dubonnet varieties?

**G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.** Hartford, New York, London  
Importers of the famous A-1 Sauce

## Play Ball!

Copy. Life Pub. Co.



HIS GRANDMOTHER'S FUNERAL

You've got him dead to rights, now. Don't let the little rascal ever fool you again.

Fine for your office or den. Printed in full color on best grade Bristol board, size 12 x 16.

**PRICE 25 CENTS**

Sent prepaid upon receipt of remittance.

**LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY**

17 West 31st Street,

New York

### Pat Dorgan's Section

**PAT DORGAN** was a section boss upon the A. & Z.

It was his duty to report unto the company

What things were needed on the line within his bailiwick,

And his it was to test the ties by jabbing with a pick.

The word went out: "Economize", and all along the line

They cut supplies and estimates to make reports look fine;

Although the high officials kept their yachts and other things,

Their private cars and pickings large and salaries of kings,

They took away Pat's helpers till he had but one or two;

They cut his pay a little, though he now had more to do.

The track kept getting worse and worse until it was unsafe.

Pat's section was his joy and pride, and Pat began to chafe.

He sat him down and ordered on the blanks he kept with care

The things the section needed most to keep it in repair—

Five hundred ties, a dozen rails, new sluice, another hand.

The order reached the Higher-ups, who sent a reprimand.

Swift Number Eight, behind its time, came tearing through the night.

The rotten ties gave way beneath the anger of its flight.

The rails pulled from their fastenings where main line met a switch,

And Number Eight, the fast express, went screaming to the ditch.

Some forty injured passengers, some fifteen fatally;

And Higher-ups came hurrying to see what they could see.

The Higher-ups who'd robbed the road and called it High Finance

## Shaving is always a nuisance

but there is no reason for it to be a torture as well. The nuisance cannot be eliminated, but the painful features of the shave can be.

The lather—not the razor—is the real cause of most shaving troubles. It doesn't properly soften the beard, and so even the best razor pulls. Or it contains an excess of caustic which eats into the skin, causing that terrible smarting.

Mennen's Shaving Cream with a few strokes of the brush, works up a thick, full-bodied creamy lather which almost instantly softens the stiffest beards without the usual mussy rubbing in with the fingers. It will give you a quick, comfortable shave and a cool, refreshed face afterwards.

One satisfied user of Mennen's writes:

"I am a mechanic and my beard is usually full of dirt and grit, which, before using your cream, required from ten to fifteen minutes application of lather. I used your cream as per directions on same, and procured a clean, close, velvet shave in less than five minutes. It does not irritate the skin, is pleasant to use and there is no waste."



Shave just once with Mennen's and you will appreciate how much the lather has to do with the comfort of a shave.

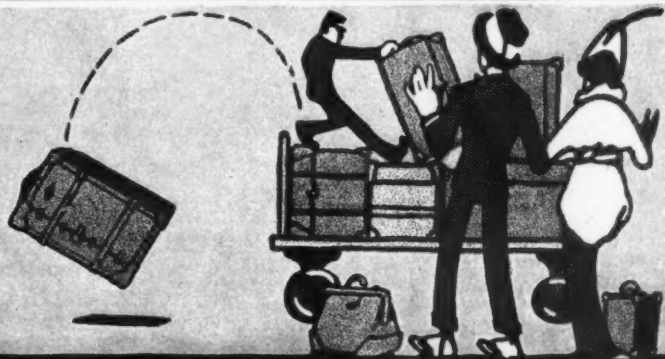
At all dealers—25 cents in air-tight tubes with handy, large, hexagon screw tops. Send 10 cents for a demonstrator tube containing enough for fifty shaves. GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N.J., makers of the celebrated Mennen's Borated and Violet Talcum Toilet Powders and Mennen's Cream Dentifrice.

# Mennen's Shaving Cream



**"Never mind!  
It's a Likly Trunk  
and guaranteed  
for 5 Years."**

Send for 128 Page Catalogue  
Henry Likly & Co. Rochester, N.Y.



Now wondered, through the daily press, how came such sad mischance.

They couldn't blame the Engineer, Telegrapher or "Con.", So there was only Dorgan left for them to blame it on.

The Higher-ups still have their yachts and right the road to rob, While people call them Supermen—Pat Dorgan has no job!

Walter G. Doty.



## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### A Pertinent Question

With the boundless enthusiasm of his kind, the food faddist harangued the mob on the marvelous results to be obtained from chewing soap and eating nut butter.

"Friends," he cried, swelling visibly and clapping his chest, "two years ago I was a walking skeleton—a haggard, miserable wreck. What do you suppose brought about this great change in me?"

He paused to see the effect of his words. Then a voice rose from among his listeners: "Wot change?"

—*Kansas City Star.*

Comfort Without Extravagance, Hotel Woodstock, New York

### Could He Do It?

At an Eastern military academy the night guard heard a noise. "Halt! Who goes there?" he called, in accordance with army regulations. It was another student bent on midnight frolic, and he answered "Moses". This frivolous and utter disregard of military rule brought back the command, the guard probably suspecting the other's identity, "Advance, Moses, and give the Ten Commandments."—*Argonaut.*

### One On the Boss

BOSS: Are you the boss in this office?

CLERK (*scared*): N—N—no, sir.

BOSS: Well, then, don't act like a drivelling idiot.—*London Opinion.*

**Boston Garter**  
*Vitrol Grip*  
**Holds Your Sock Smooth as Your Skin**  
Men who wear the better things for the satisfaction they afford, buy the silk Boston Garter at 50 cents.  
GEORGE FROST CO., MAKERS, - - BOSTON.

# Egyptian DEITIES

PLAIN END  
OR CORK TIP

THE UTMOST IN  
CIGARETTES



### What Did He Mean?

A gentleman, while at a club in Washington a short while ago, became engaged in a desultory conversation with a prominent financier and Representative from the South. The great man is of a most economical habit, and it is difficult for him to talk for any great length of time without touching upon the subject of economy. Sure enough, he suddenly invited attention to the suit of clothes he was wearing.

"I have never believed," said he, opening his coat the better to display the details of the suit, "in paying fancy prices for cut-to-measure garments. Now, here is a suit for which I paid eight dollars and ninety-eight cents. Appearances are very deceptive. If I told you I purchased it for thirty-five dollars, you'd undoubtedly believe that to be the truth."

His friend viewed the suit critically for a moment as he replied: "I would if you told me over the telephone."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters are appetizing and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

### A Technical Term

"You do not speak to him?"

"No," replied the scholarly girl. "When I passed him I gave him the geological survey."

"The geological survey!"

"Yes. What is commonly known as the stony stare."—*Washington Star.*

### Why?

MAN AT DESK: Why do you claim a trombone player is less of a bore than a pianist?

MAN IN CHAIR: He is, because he doesn't get the chance. He doesn't find a trombone in every home he visits.

—*New York Globe.*

### His Domestic Economy

Somebody said to Jamie MacJames one day: "I trust you don't spend all your wages." "That I don't," Jamie replied. "I only spend two-thirds. Two-thirds is all." "And the other third—you bank that, I suppose?" "No, I do better than that with it. I give it to the wife to run the house."

—*London Evening Standard.*

Drink a Little **Large**

BOTTLED IN BOND

**D**ISTINCTIVELY smooth and velvety—a whiskey of international repute. It possesses a rich yet delicate flavor, an aroma that is delightful. A favorite for 118 years.

Leading wholesalers sell Large Hotels, Clubs and Cafés, too  
**THE LARGE DISTILLING COMPANY**  
PITTSBURGH, PA.

**Garage \$49.50**

Genuine "Edwards." Ready made fire-proof garages. Quickly set up any place. Direct-from-factory prices—\$49.50 and up. Postal brings illustrated 64-page catalog.

The Edwards Mfg. Co., 336-386 Eggleston Av., Cincinnati, O.

**Panama-Pacific Exposition**

SAN FRANCISCO 1915

To Lease—Several high-class completely furnished residences with view of Exposition. Apply

BALDWIN & HOWELL, 318 KEARNY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

# Best People: The Lawyers

(Continued from page 230.)

approximations to the ideal law that the wit of society working through the lawyers and reformers and legislators can fashion. The actual laws change and shift from generation to generation, and even from year to year, to match the changes in social, economic and political conditions, and the progressive notions of mankind reflected by judges and legislators as to what accords with justice. The real basis of laws is public opinion, which is constantly changing, and so, in practice, there is always a great deal of government of men mixed in with such government of law as we attain to. For while men cannot alter the great inflexible ideal law of human relations that always exists and works whether it is discovered or not, they can get new views about what it is, and make statutes and decisions accordingly with great facility, and under those statutes and decisions we have to live while they last.

THE lawyers' job is to help us do it. The lawyers are not our masters whose laws we must obey, but our servants and helpers in our difficulties with the laws we have to live under. They are our defense against a greater degree of improvement than our vulnerable frames can stand and against too headlong a precipitancy in progress. As a rule they are not themselves zealous law-makers, though they are usually employed to write the laws that our real rulers insist upon making. An exception is our new income tax law, which is understood in Washington to have been written, not by a lawyer, but by the eminent literary obscurantist, Mr. Henry James. Our real law-makers are social workers, prohibitionists, laborites, suffragists and other revolutionaries who don't like things as they are and have the energy to buck against them. The new laws come up from the mass of the people and bump their heads against the Constitution, which, to be sure, was lawyer-made, and is more

## NABISCO Sugar Wafers

THESE incomparable sweets are the most universally popular of all dessert confections. Whether served at dinner, afternoon tea or any social gathering, Nabisco Sugar Wafers are equally delightful and appropriate. In ten-cent tins; also in twenty-five-cent tins.

## ADORA

Another dessert delight. Wafers of pleasing size and form with a bountiful confectionery filling. Another help to the hostess. In ten-cent tins.

## NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

## FOR MEN OF BRAINS Cortez CIGARS -MADE AT KEY WEST-

or less troublesome nowadays for that reason. For lawyer-made law, when it is a good job, holds pretty stubbornly, though its case is like that of a dam, which holds back water, to be sure, but if there is water enough it runs over the top.

E. S. Martin.



"GREAT SCOTT! AND I ONLY SNEEZED IN IT!"

### Belle Didn't Worry

"Might have been anxious before we got a Basline Autowline—but now, a breakdown is just a matter of letting some nice young man tow us home; that's all!"

### Basline Autowline

"The Little Steel Rope With The Big Pull" gives the motorist a feeling of real security. He knows that ordinary road troubles won't leave him crippled miles from repairs. He can receive help—or give it—and is satisfied. Basline Autowline is made of Yellow Strand—the sturdy steel wire rope that is used for constructing and engineering purposes the world over. About 25 feet long, 1/4-inch diameter, 4 1/2 pounds weight. Sold by all supply dealers. Price, east of Rocky Mountains, \$3.95.

FREE: Illustrated circular giving all Autowline information.

BRODERICK & BASCON ROPE CO.

800 N. 2nd Street, St. Louis, Mo. New York Office, 760, Warren Street  
Manufacturers of famous Yellow Strand Wire Rope









**HEISEY'S**  
**GLASSWARE**

On Every Piece

Start your set of this famous glassware today with a half-dozen salts and peppers. You will find them at your dealer's in a great variety of designs and sizes—all with silver-plated oval tops, and that beauty of design and sparkling brilliance characteristic of

Heisey's Glassware

If you especially like the designs shown here, and your dealer should not have them, we will deliver them to you by Parcel Post, prepaid, at the following prices: To points east of the Missouri River—

No. 22.....	1/2 doz. 1 doz.	\$2.75 \$4.50
No. 24.....	1 75 3.00	
No. 29.....	1.50 2.75	
No. 30.....	1.75 3.00	

To points west of the Missouri River, add to above prices 50c per dozen; 2c per half-dozen.

1 pair of any set delivered, prepaid, East of the Missouri River, 60c West of the Missouri River, 75c

Write today for illustrated booklet, "Table Glass and How to Use It." See how wide a choice you have of beautiful designs in

Heisey's Glassware

**A. H. HEISEY & CO.** No. 24  
Dept. 62, Newark, O.

No. 29  
No. 23

LOOK FOR THIS MARK ON EVERY PIECE

After the mountain climb, the  
delightful rest, dinner, and

**Evans' Ale**

It is the first aid to the weary or fatigued and vies with the mountain air in giving the zest and good digestion that waits on appetite. As charming to the eye as it is to the palate and stomach. Happy Outings and Evans' Ale go together.

BOTTLES AND SPLITS. LEADING DEALERS

## Rhymed Reviews

### What Will People Say?

(By Rupert Hughes, Harper & Bros.)

**D**ELIGHTFUL Persis hit the pace  
That every year is growing  
hotter

In Mammon's pet abiding-place.—  
A lovely, spendthrift turkey-trotter.

A moth that braved the candle's ray,  
She played with those that sought  
to win her,  
The fear of "What Will People Say?"  
The only still, small voice within  
her.

Her lissom grace and limpid orbs  
Bewitched a gallant weasand-cutter,  
Lieutenant (later, Captain) Forbes,  
Whose ardor caused her heart to  
flutter.

But Forbes was not a millionaire;  
And maidens falsely reared, like  
Persis,  
Are mostly disinclined to share  
The cot of any simple Thyrsis.

So, spurning Love for golden chains,  
She married Willie Enslee's millions,  
Though Willie hadn't any brains  
And couldn't even lead cotillions.

Unsatisfied with boundless wealth  
And ease on cushions satin-quilted,  
The faithless bride pursued by stealth  
The handsome soldier whom she'd  
jilted.

She followed him to France, she did,  
And plied her blandishments infernal  
Till Forbes became a Tertium Quid  
In that Triangle called "Eternal".

Implored by Forbes to run away  
And brave a world that winked and  
tittered,  
She whispered, "What Will People  
Say?"—

The Captain raged, with scorn embittered.

Their frenzied talk the Husband heard.  
He struck her down!—Her life-blood  
flowing,  
Poor Persis spoke a final word  
Designed to keep the World from  
knowing.

A book well done; but Mr. Hughes  
Should pummel those who dared to  
pit him

Against a heavyweight;—the shoes  
Of Thackeray do not yet fit him.

Arthur Guiterman.

## Elgin Wonder Tales



### The Horse That Fell at Klipriver Drift

**A** CORRESPONDENT of the  
London "Daily Mail" writes:  
"In 1900 I purchased an Elgin in  
Capetown. I carried it with me during  
the Boer War, and it was put out of  
action by the fall of my horse at Klip-  
river Drift. I had it restored to order  
in Johannesburg, and it kept perfect  
time. I have carried my

## ELGIN Watch

in the Arctic Circle, and it has been a faith-  
ful friend on or about the Equator. It  
dropped overboard in the river Congo, was  
fished up by a diver, and suffered no ill  
effects. It was broken again by a fall in  
Tangiers, at the time Raisuli captured Mr.  
Perdicaris, and was restored at Gibraltar."

This is proof positive of the Elgin's accu-  
racy and service, and illustrates the Elgin  
system of interchangeable parts which  
makes quick repair possible by any jeweler  
—anywhere Booklet sent on request.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., Elgin, Illinois



**LORD  
ELGIN**

The Masterwatch  
—extremely thin  
and aristocratic.

Priced at  
\$135 to  
\$85.

# MURAD

THE TURKISH CIGARETTE

100% PURE  
TURKISH  
TOBACCO

ONE thinks of Turkey  
as the land of criti-  
cal cigarette smokers.

Yet right here in these United  
States of ours, there is a class of  
cigarette smokers who are more  
exacting in their tastes than any  
other class of cigarette smokers  
in all the wide world.

By that class, more MURADS have  
been smoked in the last 12 years  
than any other high-grade Turk-  
ish cigarette.

*Smarguica*  
A CORPORATION

Everywhere  
Why?

FIFTEEN CENTS



"THREE HOLES YESTERDAY AND FOUR TO-  
DAY! WHAT I NEED IS A BONE INDEX"

## THE BILTMORE

NEW YORK

America's Latest and Most Refined,  
and New York's Centermost Hotel  
Only hotel occupying an entire city  
block. Vanderbilt and Madison  
Aves., 43d and 44th Sts., adjoin-  
ing Grand Central Terminal

1000 rooms, 950 with bath—  
Rates from \$2.50 per day.  
Suites from 2 to 15 rooms for  
permanent occupancy. Large  
and small ball, banquet and  
dining salons and suites  
specially arranged for  
public or private  
functions.

Gustav Baumann, Pres.  
John McE. Bowman  
Vice-Pres.

## Days at Our Farm

(Continued from page 212.)

There is no attempt at severe  
discipline.

A few simple rules are laid down  
which must be obeyed, but as long  
as they stay on the reservation they  
can do about what they please. The  
daily bath is the one big feature  
of every clear day. First the boys  
are given an hour in the stream at  
the foot of the hill, and then the  
rolling of the drum recalls them, and  
the girls are given a chance. For  
the rest of the time they play all  
kinds of games, and the Farm is  
so large that it is only when they  
assemble in a body that their num-  
ber is appreciated. The most amazing  
feature of the entire establishment is  
the utter absence of sickness or of  
an accident more serious than a  
bruised finger or a stubbed toe.  
Among the thousands of children  
who have been harbored since the  
Farm was established, there has not  
been a death, a serious illness or a  
broken bone. When it is known  
that the vast majority are taken  
from families where sickness pre-  
vails, or where some have just been  
discharged from hospitals, this fact  
is almost beyond belief.

Visitors are welcome, and last  
Sunday one of them presented a  
flag and asked the children to give  
some sort of a history of our na-  
tional emblem. The fund of infor-  
mation that burst forth was a sur-  
prise and a delight to the donor.

Anybody who wants to see a prac-

tical charity practically conducted  
should happen into LIFE's Farm some  
Sunday afternoon about three o'clock  
and enjoy that entertainment.

## The Perils of Ocean Travel

A GREAT many people who use  
ocean steamships as a means of  
conveyance across the ocean will be  
interested to learn, according to a  
fashion writer in *Vogue*, that:

"To appear on deck at eleven  
o'clock save in a short skirt, a  
sweater or a short, loose coat and a  
jaunty black hat with a quill stuck  
through at any angle there is, so it is  
not straight, is a conspicuous error.  
No less unpardonable is it to appear  
at dinner in anything save a high,  
close, waved coiffure or a smart,  
somewhat elaborate hat and in a  
low-necked dress and French heels.  
The importance of shipboard hats  
is not to be minimized."

Compared with this dictum, how un-  
important seem the regulation of rail-  
road rates, the adjournments and  
convenings of Congress, peace, war,  
character, honesty, conservation, births,  
deaths, marriages and other minor  
matters!

BORELEIGH (at eleven-fifteen p. m.):  
When I was a boy I used to ring door-  
bells and run away.

THE GIRL (yawning): And now  
you ring them and stay.

—Boston Transcript.

## "Mum"

(as easy to use as to say)

is a great comfort in warm weather  
takes all the odor  
out of perspiration

"Mum" preserves the soap-and-  
water freshness of the bath all day.

Does not stop perspiration; that  
would be harmful.

25c. at drug- and department-stores

"Mum" Mfg Co 1106 Chestnut St Philadelphia



## EVETTE-HOUBIGANT

Just announced by Houbigant, Paris-  
master of perfumes. Tropical in allur-  
ing fragrance, refined as the May morn-  
ing. Your Perfumer has it or will get it.

Send for Small Sample Bottle, 20c

PARK & TILFORD, Agents, NEW YORK

The ideal  
summer garters are



**PARIS  
GARTERS**

No metal  
can touch you

They hold up your socks snug. They're light in weight, strong in support. Good, live elastic web is the best way to hold up your socks. "Tailored to fit the leg."

All dealers have **PARIS**—insist upon them. 25c—50c.

**A. STEIN & COMPANY**

Makers

CHICAGO

NEW YORK

### Right Out in Meeting!

The Rev. Dr. Carl E. Grammer, of Philadelphia, told his congregation recently that he "would sacrifice all the horses, dogs, cats and guinea-pigs in the world to save his boy".

A prominent member of the congregation promptly rose and said that vivisection was a "cowardly practice", and added, "I don't want to go to heaven if there are any vivisectionists there, but I don't think that any will be found."

—*Journal of Zoophily.*

THE Rev. Dr. Carl E. Grammer is evidently a somewhat gullible gentleman who believes whatever the vivisectionists tell him. As a preacher of the gospel of mercy he seems to be a trifle "twisted"—morally as well as mentally.



DOES IT?

### The Hypothetical Unemployed Question

A GREAT many of our respectable publicists claim that there is no unemployed problem because the unemployed are either at work or are voluntarily idle. They give out that if there were honestly and truly an unemployed problem, they would come forward mighty quickly with the correct solution.

This state of affairs offers an excellent entrance cue for the hypothetical question: Suppose the unemployed problem did exist, what would these people do about it? We may not always have the present state of Utopian perfection. Why don't they hand the solution over? Why put it off? Why not have it ready? Why not trim our lamps while the trimming is good? Look how much time and money we spend to protect ourselves from wars that do not threaten. Surely we can afford a little foresight against involuntary idleness. Come, publicists, out with it!

**Nature has many ways of warning man of danger. The sense of taste and smell both serve for your protection**

That skunky taste denotes decay and is often found in beer from light bottles.

Why take the risk?

The Brown Bottle protects Schlitz purity from the brewery to your glass.

See that Crown is branded "Schlitz"

**Schlitz**  
The Beer  
That Made Milwaukee Famous.

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75MA





## For the Summer's Afternoon Tea

**T**HE THERMOS Jug for Tea, Coffee or Chocolate—perhaps a tasty, cooling beverage—or a THERMOS Jar filled with ice cream or chilled salad—adds to the convenience of the hostess and the delight of her guests. The ideal gift to your summer hostess.

THERMOS eliminates waiting for servants, fetching from the pantry, and the embarrassment of late guests—because THERMOS keeps refreshment at the proper temperature until wanted. Warm afternoons on the veranda—hot nights in the bedroom—lawn parties, and every sort of outing, are more enjoyable and comfortable with THERMOS.

# THERMOS

**Serves You Right—  
Food or Drink—Hot  
or Cold—When—  
Where—and As  
you like**

No household is complete without its THERMOS equipment because of its thousand-and-one uses in every season. THERMOS keeps fluids icy cold for seventy-two hours, or piping hot for twenty-four hours.

THERMOS Bottles, Carafes, Food Jars, Lunch Kits—the almost countless styles of THERMOS, cater to every want of each member of the family. In the nursery THERMOS keeps Baby's milk pure and free from infection. On the vacation trip it increases your pleasure many fold.

**Bottles \$1.00 up Carafes \$3.50 up  
Jugs \$4.00 up**

*The Genuine have the name THERMOS stamped on the bottom*  
The THERMOS Picture Puzzle Cut-Out delights Kiddies. Free on request with an interesting booklet about THERMOS.

**AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE COMPANY**  
Norwich, Conn. Toronto, Canada

### Complementary

**I**T is hard for a man to deceive a man.

It is harder yet for a woman to deceive a woman.

But it is very easy for a woman to deceive a man, while as for a man deceiving a woman, he can do it blindfolded with both hands tied behind him.

This is what we mean when we say that the sexes are complements, each of the other.

### Let Us Be Serene

**L**ET us not excite ourselves over the declaration of the British Admiral, Sir Percy Scott, who informs us that the dreadnaught is already passé; that, since the introduction of submarines, it is the height of folly for a dreadnaught to be out after curfew without a chaperon. To quote:

"Now that submarines have come in, battleships are of no use either for defensive or offensive purposes, and, consequently, building any more in 1914 will be a misuse of money subscribed by the citizens for the defense of the Empire."

All that may be true enough, and yet it does not follow, as the Admiral suggests, that we should build an "enormous fleet of submarines, airships and aeroplanes". As a matter of fact, a great many of us have known for some time that our dreadnaughts were useless in attack simply because we didn't want to do any attacking, and useless in defense simply because there was nobody from whom we needed defending. But, true sports that we were, we did not permit ourselves to be governed by such utilitarian considerations. One great advantage of navies is to add to the gayety of gala occasions, and those imposing dreadnaughts fill that bill to the gunwales.

Isn't it, then, better to have a navy that looks well in peace that is with us most always than to sacrifice looks to efficiency in wars that we know not of?

E. O. J.

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with the flavor  
of an old vintage.  
Old fashioned dis-  
tillation—ripened  
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## Blue-Jay Ends One-Half the Corns

Do you know that nearly half the corns in the country are now ended in one way?

**Blue-jay** takes out a million corns a month. It frees from corns legions of people daily. Since its invention it has ended sixty million corns.

The way is quick and easy, painless and efficient. Apply **Blue-jay** at night. From that time on you will forget the corn.

Then **Blue-jay** gently undermines the corn. In 48 hours the loosened corn comes out. There is no pain, no soreness.

Don't pare your corns. There is danger in it, and it brings only brief relief.

Don't use old-time treatments. They have never been efficient.

Do what millions do—use **Blue-jay**. It is modern, scientific. And it ends the corn completely in an easy, pleasant way.

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15 and 25 cents—at Druggists

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